

ELLEN RUSHFORD.



ELLEN RUSHFORD.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,
AT THE
Minerva-Press
LEADENHALL-STREET.

MDCCXCIV.

ELLEN RUSSELL

A NOVEL



VOL. II

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,

AT THE

STATIONERS' HALL,

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ROBINSON.

ELLEN RUSHFORD.

CHAP. I.

MRS. Fitz Aubin having, as it was rightly supposed, paid one evening a longer visit than usual to her favourite cupboard, where it was her custom to decide on the respective flavours of a case of cordials, returning too precipitately fell down a flight of stone stairs, and received so violent a bruise, as to endanger her life, for she was at that time pretty far advanced in her pregnancy;—the best assistance was immediately provid-

ELLEN RUSHFORD.

ed, but notwithstanding all possible care she expired, at the expiration of a week, leaving three young children, at once the monuments of their father's imprudence, and the innocent claimants of his care and love.—Mrs. Fitz Aubin having been raised from a servile condition, made as is often the case, a most unfeeling and unnatural mistress; her death therefore, was not an occasion of much sorrow to the servants,—neither could it reasonably be supposed to be such to the principals of the family;—Mr. Fitz Aubin himself, had suffered by the violence of her temper,—his domestic peace, had sustained a bitter interruption by her selfish arts, and his finances attained a dreadful crisis, in consequence of her extravagance and mismanagement.—His eyes had long been open to the effects of his folly, consequently a tolerable palliative of grief was to be found within his own bosom.—Decency however required, that the celebration of the intended marriage should be postponed, during which interval a circumstance took place, which doubtless will appear of a very singular nature.

Whether

Whether the public rumour had pronounced the marriage of Sir Robert and Miss Fitz Aubin to be in fact so finally agreed on, as it really was, we cannot say; but to the utter astonishment of that gentleman, he received a letter from Lord Langby, the contents of which were as follow:

“TO SIR ROBERT SOMERS.”

“I make no doubt but our conduct, may have been represented, by the Fitz Aubin family, in rather an unjustifiable light, but you my dear Sir Robert, will at least be induced to excuse my daughter, when I acquaint you that it was in favour of yourself, that she formed the resolution, which probably you have been led to condemn.—When I consider the fortune I have in my power to give Betsey, and the striking advantages, which must accrue by an alliance with my family, I presume it will not be necessary to add more, than that I am Sir Robert,

Your warm admirer and friend,

B 2

LANGBY.

"Contemptible woman, cried the Baronet in a rage, see here Harry, your revenge, and despise as you ought a worthless coquette,—read that letter."

"I perceive then, with a smile, having perused the note, that it is you, Somers, I am to thank for my disappointment in a wife."

"Rather embrace me, as your most timely deliverer, and be thankful that I arrived in time to provide for the effectual display of her worthless principles."

He then ran hastily to the scrutoire, and taking up a pen, returned his Lordship the following concise answer.

TO LORD LANGBY.

"In deference to your Lordship's principles, I must believe the report of my intended union, with the most amiable of women, Miss Fitz Aubin, has not yet reached your ear.

ear; but were I not blest in such prospect of felicity, I must, my lord, be permitted to say, that the character of Miss Langby could not be an object of esteem to,

ROBERT SOMERS."

The reader will scarcely allow the above reply, to be consistent with that politeness, which we have given as a characteristic of the young Baronet;—but he had from the first, conceived a mean opinion, both of Miss Langby's delicacy and generosity. Acquainted as she perfectly were with every circumstance of the Fitz Aubin family,—her recent treatment of his friend, had excited his warmest indignation,—but Lord Langby's overture, implied, in his idea, something so insulting, both to his heart and understanding, that he thought even the discourteous billet he had returned his Lordship, favoured far more of civility than the case deserved.—And of the same opinion we also confess ourselves to be, acquainted as we are, with the malignant, motives of Miss Langby's conduct, to explain

B 3

which

which it will be necessary to recur to past events.

Ellen Rushford and Henrietta Fitz Aubin, had been universally celebrated as two of the finest women in that part of the world, and Miss Langby, their near neighbour, and seemingly intimate friend, possessed a soul, which could no more endure so painful a superiority, than the owl is able to bear the dazzling rays of the sun. That Ellen should remain the beloved object of a worthy and accomplished youth, was a happiness she could never allow her, and therefore, secretly devised the scheme of separating a couple, who evidently were formed for each others felicity; true, she envied her the attentions of Fitz Aubin, and felt extremely gratified when engrossed by herself, but marriage was no part of her plan; and she intended no more than to flatter his expectations, till Miss Rushford should be lost to him for ever.—The success of her scheme we have seen, with respect to one object of her envy;—but as to Hen-

Henrietta, who was also eminently thether, we are happy to find she met with a defeat. Sir Robert Somers was a gentleman, whose assiduities she greatly coveted, but certainly with no more wish for marriage, than she had felt towards Fitz Aubin,—no,—to thwart the happiness, which apparently awaited Henrietta, was the decided aim of this second manœuvre ;—but to dwell no longer on such an odious character, we will return to the progress of our history.

As soon as decorum would allow, Miss Fitz Aubin gave her hand to Sir Robert Somers, and the happy bridegroom immediately indulged the emotions of his liberal and benevolent mind, by proposing to render that assistance to his father-in-law, which he had before hinted. The demands of Lord Langby, were by this means duly satisfied, before his Lordship could be enabled to wreak that vengeance, which his malevolent daughter would have beheld with delight.—All other pecuniary embarrassments were clear-

ed, "And now, added Sir Robert, I must be allowed, to take the care of my younger brothers, Charles and William on myself;—permit me my dear sir, to take them to England, where they shall receive such an education, as your sons and my brothers, ought to receive, and the charge of their future fortunes shall be mine;—the other little ones shall be your amusement and care."

"All my children then, cried Mr. Fitz Aubin, with a countenance of mingled pleasure and anguish, are happily disposed of,—except one,—that one, my eldest; he, on whom I had placed my hopes;—and who is it that destroyed his happiness?—who severed from his heart its dearest ideas?—why, I myself;—a father did this!—Oh Harry! with a piercing groan, wouldst thou believe, that to restore to thee that dear object, I would give my heart's blood;—no,—it is not to be believed!"——

Lady Somers observing that her brother,
could

could ill endure the revival of such a subject, desired her father to forget the past, in the prospect of a peaceful futurity.

“Oh, for a sponge! resumed he, with agony, to wipe the surface of my soul,—Harry; were it possible thou couldst forgive, I would ask it of thee?”

“Sir, answered he, it is me who have forgiveness to demand,—can you pardon the long resistance I made to your will?—the anxious hours I—”

“No, more,—no more, interrupting him, —these daggers pierce sharply,—I rob’d you of Ellen Rushford.”

“Be assured my father, I am reconciled to the fate, which I ought not to have resisted, as far as a sense of moral and religious duty can effect it,—I am even happy in the retrospect of my recent conduct.”

“With truth can you assert this, Harry?—then wherefore that pensive air,—that pale aspect?”

“A change of place, sir, will remedy those appearances, and since the opportunity offers, I will venture to express my wish,—I might obtain your permission to travel.”

“Don’t ask of me any thing conducive to your happiness,—Oh, Harry, Harry!—I do not merit such a deference to my will.”

“Your will my dearest father, must implicitly direct me henceforth,—therefore, I refer the point in question to your pleasure entirely.”

“Be assured, you never more shall receive a negative, from a father, who too late, is sensible of his errors.”

“It is my belief, said Lady Somers, that a change of scenes would be beneficial to both,

both,—suppose fir, you also accompany Sir Robert and me to England.”

“A most excellent thought my love, said the Baronet, and if I have my will, we will all embark together.”

The plan was an eligible one,—Mr. Fitz Aubin was at length prevailed with to accede to it, after it had been agreed, that Henry should go immediately from England to the continent.—The whole family therefore embarked for England, with Sir Robert and his Lady, excepting the three young children, who were left in the care of proper persons in Ireland.

CHAP. II.

SOMERS-Hill, the elegant seat of Sir Robert, was situated nearly in the midway between Bath and Bristol; consequently, in a part of the kingdom, which for richness and variety of scenery is not to be surpassed; —the house itself having been rebuilt by the late Baronet, was a beautiful edifice, superbly furnished and surrounded by gardens and pleasure grounds, which displayed the most exquisite taste.

The evening was shut in when the company arrived, and supper soon after served up,

up, when Sir Robert taking his Lady's hand, with so tender and polite an air, as charmed every spectator, led her to the head of the table.

“What a peculiar felicity is mine, said he, to behold this feat thus filled,—graced by my charming Henrietta's presence, I shall ever esteem my own table far more desirable than that of a monarch.”

“And I, answered she, with a grateful smile, shall find my chief pleasure, in cherishing that sentiment.”

Altho' the Baronet eminently excelled in every accomplishment, which constitute the fine gentleman, he had a lively relish for domestic satisfactions, and the virtues of his Lady were exactly of that kind, which promised a pure and permanent establishment thereof,—their taste indeed was entirely congenial, and every hour since their union, had helped them to discover new excellencies in each others mind.

Mr. Fitz Aubin's emotions at the full prospect of his daughter's happiness, would have been extatic, had they not been checked by those painful reflections, which were now become the constant inmates of his bosom.—He now however, appeared a character more deserving of pity and veneration, than those sentiments which his former conduct had excited;—a few months had produced so striking an alteration in his temper and deportment, that he might justly be styled a new man.—Even Henry had forgot, that he once had merited the epithet of severe, in those tender sensations, which his regenerated principles had revived, in the breast of that worthy tho' unfortunate son.—

The first time Lady Somers found herself alone with her brother, he tenderly congratulated her on the apparent establishment of her happiness, and added, “I shall now have the satisfaction of leaving England, in the pleasing belief, that the two most precious objects

jects of my heart's attachment, are happily established."

He had delicately omitted to mention Mrs. Faulkner by name, but Lady Somers perfectly understood the allusion; and as this was the first time he had ventured on the subject, she also knew, that his words implied the interrogatory, "Is she happy?"—and therefore replied:

"You may be quite easy on that head, my dear brother,—our beloved Ellen is as happy, as it is now possible she ever could be;—her good sense and singular virtues, will lead her to find happiness, where an ordinary woman could never discern it.—Captain Faulkner is one of the best of men, as he is the tenderest of husbands,—they are now at the Captain's estate in Cumberland."

"In Cumberland, Henrietta!—has he then contrived

contrived to deprive her of the pleasures of society?"

"What an idea,—Ellen herself is enchanted with the place, and I assure you it was more at her desire than the Captain's, that they went thither, for he would rather have settled near London;—but you know, she was always delighted with rural pleasures, and in her present situation she tells me they are peculiarly her lot.—In short, her letters, which were ever the pictures of her heart, afford as much consolation as you and I, Harry, can reasonably expect or desire."

"I thank you sister, for this most agreeable information,—the business of establishing my own tranquillity is now half done."

The arrival of the new married pair at Somers-hill, was a circumstance sufficient to excite the attention of the public; and as Sir Robert was generally known, and esteemed all

all the polite world of course, were eager to pay their respects on the occasion;—the house in short was soon filled with company, which induced Mr. Fitz Aubin to desire a more-retired situation.—Partly therefore for this reason, and also for the benefit of the Bath waters, which his physicians strongly recommended to him, he took a house at Bath, designing to extend his acquaintance very little farther, than the circle of his own family.—Fitz Aubin attended his father, till he saw the happiest effects accruing to his health, by the use of the waters, and then taking a tender leave of him, Sir Robert, and his Lady, departed for Italy, which country he intended to make, the first object of his continental investigation.

Lady Somers never suffered many days to elapse, without personally paying her respects to her father, who she found bore the absence of her brother, much better than she expected.—In truth he considered the tour, as the only remedy for such an evil, and was not
with-

without hopes that time, and variety might effectually restore the mind of his son, to its wonted tranquillity.—Letters from Henry were shortly after received, giving an account of his arrival in Italy, and mentioning, as a circumstance of particular good fortune, that he Milan, had met at with a much respected friend, of the name of Henderson, in whose company he should probably continue, during the remainder of his tour.—None of the family knew any thing of Mr. Henderson, nor had ever before heard mention of the name; but as it was an event, which Henry had related with pleasure, they could not help rejoicing at such an acquisition to his social enjoyments.

Sometime towards the beginning of May, Lady Somers having received a letter from Mrs. Faulkner, happened to say, that she should much like to surprise her friend, with a visit at her Cumberland seat. The intimation of a wish from his beloved Henrietta, was at all times sufficient for Sir Robert, and he

he eagerly replied, "And what hinders my love,—the gratification of that inclination,—suppose you permit me to be your 'squire on the occasion."

"And will you take a journey into Cumberland, Sir Robert?"

"Most willingly, if you resolve to do it my dear."

"Nay,—I do not resolve on such a thing, I only said I should like such an excursion."

"Upon my honour, Henrietta, (affecting gravity) I fear you and I shall quarrel yet."

"Good heavens, Sir Robert, (alarmed) what mean you?"

"Why, Madam, I have to complain of—"

"What!—speak! you frighten me."

"That

"That ever since you condescended to assume my name, I have not seen you discover a will of your own."

"Is that all,—then I am easy again,—but my dear Sir Robert, the blame, if any such be due, lays wholly on your side,—how can I discover a will, when you anticipate my most secret wishes."

"And ever be that the study of my life, my dear Henrietta; but say, I beg, which day on the next week shall we allot for our journey."

"Monday,—if you have no objection."

"Be it then Monday,—I already enjoy the surprise, which our unexpected presence will occasion our Cumberland friends."

When Lady Somers mentioned this intended journey to her father, he expressed great

great satisfaction,—“It will be something like atonement, said he, to convince that dear injured girl, that at least you Henrietta have not forgotten her,—and perhaps, (sighing) her situation may need the solace of friendship.”

“Very far from this I assure you, sir,—Mrs. Faulkner is really happy.”

“Can this be possible,—but she will find none so insensible of her value, as was the man, who had the best opportunities of knowing it.”

Here the poor old gentleman burst into a flood of tears, and Lady Somers found it no easy task to calm his emotion;—after some time he resumed,—“Let her know I beseech you, Henrietta, that the remorse I feel degrades me, even below her resentment,—perhaps it may afford her some gratification.

“Ah,

“Ah my dear father, she loves you too well to be gratified, by any thing short of the assurance of your welfare and happiness.”

“Love me did you say,—once indeed she did most tenderly,—Ellen Rushford was an angel,—O! Lady Somers! what a blessed father might I now have been, but for my cursed avarice.”

His agitation became again so apparent, that her Ladyship felt herself unable to endure so painful a scene,—but fortunately the entrance of her two younger brothers, gave a new turn to the conversation.—Sir Robert properly considering the young gentlemen, as too old for the discipline of a public school, had provided them with a private tutor, whose abilities amply displayed themselves in the rapid advances, which his pupils daily made in the attainment of science and knowledge;—an advantage so inestimable, added to the opportunities they now fully enjoyed,
of

of acquiring the manners of polite life, afforded the strongest hopes of their future establishment in the world, with credit to themselves and family.

CHAP. III.

CHAP.

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AFTER a long and pleasant journey, Sir Robert and Lady Somers arrived in Cumberland.—The surprise of Captain Faulkner and his lady, at the unexpected appearance of such guests, was presently superseded by the warmest demonstrations of joy;—the two Ladies long remained locked in each others arms, mutually indulging the effusions of friendship and affection, while the Captain received Sir Robert, with a cordiality superior to the studied forms of politeness.

Sir

Sir Robert and Lady Somers could discover nothing, in the situation of Faulkner Lodge to excite admiration, but they beheld within the mansion, that which inspired them with heart-felt satisfaction, namely, the tenderest friendship, cemented and improved by the conjugal tie, for such the union of the Captain and his lady eminently displayed,—mutual esteem animated their whole behaviour to each other, and if the enthusiasm of passion were wanting, there existed between them a sentiment of a very superior kind.—The Lodge itself was an ancient inelegant building, but it would have been impossible to retain that idea, when once you had got within its doors, for here every thing wore the most elegant and social aspect;—the benignity and cheerfulness of the proprietors, rendered their entertainments always delightful;—their table was the constant resort of every genteel family in the neighbourhood, and their kitchen was a source of support to all the poor around.—

Our two bosom friends had so much to say to each other, after a long and painful separation,

ration, that they frequently left the gentlemen to take their morning ride alone, while they strolled into the surrounding woods chatting on a thousand little matters;—Lady Somers was enchanted with the picturesque beauty of the country, and declared that a good taste, might render the Lodge a very beautiful residence.

“ You are to know, said Mrs. Faulkner, that it is above twenty years since this house was inhabited, except by one of the Captain's tenants, who occupied a part for the purpose of occasionally airing the rest,—but the richness of the furniture, which was in a decayed condition, was a sufficient proof that the inhabitants had once been opulent;—the displacing this for modern articles, and the devising such other alterations as were expedient, has afforded constant amusement to my mind, since our arrival, for Captain Faulkner has referred every thing of this nature wholly to myself.—The gardens, which you see are capable of vast improvement, will
come

come the next under my consideration,—but at present, I have not half completed my arrangements within doors.”

“ Your residence in the family mansion, my dear Ellen, must be advantageously felt by the neighbourhood.”

“ There Lady Somers you have hit on one of my richest sources of pleasure,—were you to have witnessed the joy with which we were received, by the villagers around, your sensibility would have been affected, and I have daily the purest satisfaction, in the opportunities that offer of bettering their condition.—Indeed, till now, I never was sensible of the obligations, which the rich are certainly under to reside on their own estates.—It is an evil of no inconsiderable magnitude, that persons of property chuse rather to spend the incomes of their estates in great towns or places of public resort, than among their own tenantry ;—the benefit of a country residence is better felt than expressed, for not to

mention the moral effects of it, numbers of poor might be fed with the remains of a plentiful table, at no great expence, while the employment of tradesmen and labourers, must prove of real advantage to the community."

"I admire your remarks, said Lady Somers, and think also those leading people, might discover a powerful motive to induce them to do their duty in this respect,—I mean that popularity, which at a very little trouble they might acquire in the country, but which amidst crowds of equals and superiors, can have no existence."

They then took a walk thro' the several apartments of the Lodge, where as Mrs. Faulkner observed, there still remained the marks of ancient opulence.—An amazing quantity of old china, struck the attention of Lady Somers, as they passed through one room, which she observed, in the hands of Christie, would find charming employment to the fashionable world.—They then proceeded

ed to the library, which Mrs. Faulkner said, contained few books of modern date, " And perhaps, added she, has received no addition since that period, which has been styled the Augustine age of English literature:—however, Faulkner being as much attached to literary pleasures as myself, has complimented me with the office, of compleating his library, agreeable to my own taste."

In a small parterre, not far from the house, stood a range of glass bee-hives, and here, said Mrs. Faulkner, we pass many an half hour, amused by the ingenious labours of these little creatures.—But you must see my botanic garden, which I have taken great pains to stock with every medicinal plant, and which in a short time I hope, will be ready for the general supply of our neighbours."

" Excellent creature, cried Lady Somers, how fruitful is true virtue in expedients."

“I will not pretend to misunderstand you, Henrietta, but candidly confess, I have been diligent in providing for myself, that full employ, which I believed necessary to the excluding improper reflections, pursuant to the advice of my dear Mrs. Burton, whose parting words are engraven on my memory: Remember, Ellen, said she, that you are now the wife of a worthy man, whose happiness you are indispensibly bound to study, as his conduct I am assured will be invariably directed to the promoting of yours;—be not then ungrateful, by indulging a criminal insensibility.—Should you ever be prompted to unpleasant reflections on the past, call instantly to your mind, that it is by reason alone we are conducted to happiness.—Let a constant succession of innocent or benevolent employments, provide you a train of proper thoughts, and an attention to the various minutiae of domestic life, render your house the seat of social order and cheerfulness.—Avoid solitude no less than idleness, for a woman of your turn, can scarcely avoid finding
some

some around her, to whom her counsels and example may be useful.—These rules my dear Lady Somers, have been my guide, and in pursuing them I gratefully acknowledge myself to have enjoyed a more exalted degree of happiness, than once I dared to expect.”

“Every thing, said Lady Somers, is attainable by a virtue, so heroic as yours, my amiable friend.”

“Without accepting that panegyric as my due, she resumed, I confess Henrietta, I have a sort of value for myself, when I reflect, that the best of husbands acknowledges his felicity perfected by my faithful endeavours:—not to feel ineffable satisfaction, and I will also add, an honest pride from such a consciousness, would argue a degraded mind.”

Lady Somers, delighted at this discourse, exclaimed with rapture, “Angels are happier than Men, because they are better,”—I see there is a felicity awaiting genuine goodness,

ness, even amidst the contingencies of this mortal life,—it is yours, my most dear Ellen, and ever must be so.”

As they were thus chatting together, a spaniel dog which usually followed the Captain, sprang towards Mrs. Faulkner, and jumping on her lap, dirty as he was, entirely defaced the purity of her clean muslin dress, —“O, Fido! cried she, with the greatest equanimity of temper, thou shouldst have paid some respect to thy mistress’s dress.”

Lady Somers, extremely enraged at the familiarity of the animal, could not help exclaiming, “How is it possible my dear, you can endure the freedom of these creatures, —I never saw you discover, a fondness for the canine race before.”

“Nor do I now, returned she smiling, but this dog you must know, is a particular favourite with Captain Faulkner, and has accompanied him on most of his voyages, on
which

which account merely I notice the creature, and you see he is not ungrateful,—without feeling any prejudice in his favour, I shew him as much regard, as tho' he were really my favourite as much as his master's, to whom in reality these attentions are directed,—Not my dear Henrietta, that incidents of this kind can be of importance, to a person of Captain Faulkner's good sense, any farther than by testifying that conformity of humour, which it is on all occasions my study to display, convinced that of such trifles the happiness of domestic life is chiefly built.—But I must now go change my dress, for the approach of Fido warns us, that the gentlemen are near at hand."

"I thank you, said her Ladyship, as they returned, for this lesson of conjugal attention, which I hope will be of use to me Ellen as long as I live."

The Captain and Sir Robert had brought, the Rector of the parish to dine with them,

whose company was a pleasing addition to the social entertainment, as his conversation discovered a fund of intelligence and vivacity. — The ladies retiring after dinner to the drawing room, Mrs. Faulkner gave her friend the following account of him, — “ Mr. Chapman, said she, is one of those few characters who are capable of conciliating love and respect, independent of adventitious circumstances; — he has enjoyed the rectory above thirty years, in which time I am told, there has been no such thing as a law suit in the neighbourhood, for he is the mediator of all differences, which at any time occur among his parishioners; — by the help of Burn’s Justice, he calms the litigious, and preserves the rules of legal right, tho’ he is chiefly assiduous to effect the work by arguments drawn from that gospel, which he singularly adorns, by his whole life and conversation. — It would do you good Henrietta, to witness the respect with which he is approached, by all ranks of people; when he goes to, or returns from, church, his people flock round him like affectionate children,

children, paying their duty to a kind father, and for his sake become enamoured of the religion he inculcates.—His wife is also an excellent character,—sensible, cheerful, benevolent,—the assistant physician and even nurse of the whole village, at the same time she is a most agreeable companion,—is not unacquainted with life nor even its gayest amusements, but has relinquished the world, from a conviction of the emptiness of its satisfactions, and thinks her own retired situation the happiest in the world;—yet has she nothing of austerity about her, but by those who admire simplicity of manners, will be deemed a very desirable companion.—Captain Faulkner and I frequently pass an afternoon or evening at the Rectory, and so sprightly is the turn of conversation, in these little parties, that I am often surprised at the rapidity with which the hours fly.”

“ I protest, cried Lady Somers, I can no longer find pity, for half the miserable people in the world.”

“Why surely Henrietta, I cannot have been inculcating misanthropy all this while.”

“No, no child,—but you have convinced me, that the bulk of mankind are unhappy, because they are either too indolent, or too proud to search for those social enjoyments, which I find are much nearer our reach, than we commonly suspect;—what say you Mr. Chapman, cried her Ladyship, (as the gentlemen entered) is human life really so barren of satisfactions, as some gloomy philosophers would have us believe?”

“By no means Madam,—the defect lies mainly in the corruption of our taste,—we seek enjoyment where it cannot rationally be expected, and then peevishly complain of disappointment.”

“And yet, sir, replied Sir Robert, those who profess to follow reason alone, seem as much at a loss in this respect, as their more thoughtless brethren.”

“Are

“Are you certain, resumed the divine, that what these persons call reason, is not sometimes a mere chimera of the brain,—were I to chuse a director in my search after happiness, it should be simple nature alone,—Man in his natural character mistakes but seldom,—in his fictitious one ever does,—I mean when he assumes that, which is no property of his real nature, ambition, pride, the thirst of dominion, &c. his ideas of the subject by being more complex, lose sight of the object,—the pursuit is erroneous,—the disappointment—”

“Mr. Chapman means, said Sir Robert, to tell us that moral virtue, and moral happiness are the same.”

“Aye, sir,—but then remember, this is only the philosophy of an old Cumberland Parson.”

“And for the good of my country, rejoined the Captain, I hope it will diffuse itself over the three kingdoms.”

“Why then, sir, it would have a chance of being carried to India,—and what then would become of commerce, Captain Faulkner?”

“That’s a fly attack, neighbour, said the Captain, which as having long been in the service of the most honourable commercial company in the world, it becomes me to repel.”

“Stop, stop, cried the Rector, you totally mistake me, if you suppose I meant to insinuate, that there naturally exists in commerce, any thing repugnant to moral virtue,—its origin being nearly as ancient as the world, consequently—”

But here the good Rector was prevented from making his inference, by a summons to attend a sick parishioner, and he would not have neglected it for the finest opportunity of displaying his oratorical talents, that could have been offered him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

CAPTAIN and Mrs. Faulkner were walking one morning, with their guests in the garden, when the conversation naturally turned on the alterations, which it was intended should be made therein,—“You would be diverted my friends, said Mrs. Faulkner, were you to see how gravely we lay our heads together on these matters, as tho’ it was the most important affair in the world.”

“My dearest Ellen, replied he, whatever innocently conduces to the enjoyment of life,
is

is in my opinion of real importance,—besides as the Spectator I think observes, the delight we take in a garden, is one of the purest and most innocent gratifications, and was the employment of our first parents, in their state of primeval happiness.”

“It is a comfort, cried she laughing, that at least here is now no forbidden fruit, to endanger my solitary rambles.”

“Nor would my Ellen be in much danger, if there were, as she is certainly as free from that propensity of Eve’s curiosity as any of her sex.”

“Ah, my dear Faulkner, you know not half my frailties.”

“That modest opinion, my love, is however sufficient to outweigh a thousand if you had them.”

They were now on a terrace, which over-
looked

looked the road; a gentleman passed by on horseback, who seeing the ladies made a stop, and rudely stared them in the face,—then bowed and passed on;—the Captain, with Sir Robert, was discoursing at a little distance, and saw not the accident, which had occasioned Mrs. Faulkner to turn pale as ashes.—The company was immediately alarmed at her sudden indisposition, and the Captain catching her tenderly in his arms, bore her towards the house, to which her excessive trembling would have prevented her walking,—she soon however recovered, and her disorder was supposed to have been owing to her having walked that morning more than usual;—as soon, however, as she was alone with Lady Somers, the latter asked, whether she knew any thing of the gentleman, who had passed by the garden, for, added her Ladyship, I cannot help suspecting Ellen, that your sudden disorder was owing to that very accident.”

“ You are right, Henrietta,—his presence
indeed

indeed greatly disturbed me,—it distresses me.”

“What can you mean?”

“Let us go into my dressing room, and you shall be told the whole.”

The two Ladies adjourning to that apartment, and having carefully fastened the door, the following conversation succeeded.—

“You know Lady Somers, that Captain Faulkner and myself, continued with Mrs. Burton about a month after our marriage, which time that good Lady determined should be passed, in seeing what is called life, for till then, I never could be prevailed on to stir from home;—to oblige her and Faulkner also, I now consented to appear in public, tho’ I assure you retirement would have been far more agreeable to my humour;—the novelty of my face I suppose, attracted much attention and enquiry, and among the rest, the
notice

notice of a Mr. Courtland,—you doubtless recollect in some of my letters, the mention of Lady Stanby.”

“ Perfectly,—and I also remember, that from the character you drew of her, I conceived but a poor opinion of her ladyship.”

“ Nor does she merit a better,—but to my story,—this Lady Stanby visited at my Cousin’s, and introduced the above named gentleman, who is heir apparent of my Lord M—. I must confess he has the advantage of an elegant person, together with a most polite address, but tinged in my opinion, with an air of effrontery, which spoils all his accomplishments;—in the course of those visits, he distinguished me with an attention, which novice as I was in the polite world, excited both my surprise and indignation. Mrs. Burton however, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, really smiled at my reserve, and assured me it was only the effect of gallantry, which, had I been accustomed to public

lic life, would have been far from occasioning me any astonishment, for that such behaviour, proceeded more from vanity in the gentleman than any serious design.—In consequence I was pacified, and returned his compliments, with the raillery I supposed they merited.—Some days afterwards Lady Stanby sent a card, importing that as she was somewhat indisposed, she would request of me the favour to pass the day with her.”

“ I would not have gone, cried Lady Somers.”

“ Indeed Henrietta, I was extremely reluctant,—but the Captain seemed to urge it,—and Mrs. Burton having already laughed me out of my scruples, I went to her Ladyship’s house, who, to my eye, discovered no appearance of indisposition ;—we dined together without any other company ;—in the afternoon however Courtland was announced,—the card table was set, and Lady Stanby pleading a violent head ache, desired us to
fit

fit down to a game of piquet, which I readily agreed to, merely with a view to avoid that kind of discourse, which otherwise I must have expected.—Her Ladyship sat a good while observing the game, and then quitted the room,—immediately I observed Mr. Courtland to become extremely inattentive to the cards, and at length flinging them down he exclaimed, “Confound such dull amusement,—let us leave it, Madam, to those who know not how to employ the time better.”—I desired him to resume the cards, particularly as they were in his favour.”

“May I perish if I do! cried he, no! I will seize this blissful moment, to utter the passion which has long animated my soul,—in short, Madam, I love you,—I adore you.”

“Amazed at such audaciousness, I thought to have repulsed him by a frown;—nothing daunted either by the pain or displeasure, which he could not but see his discourse occasioned me, he resumed his odious rant, which

which I cut short by observing, that he certainly must have forgotten, he was thus insolently treating the wife of Captain Faulkner."

"The avowal of a sincere and respectful passion, Madam, replied the wretch, ought not to be pressed by such a circumstance, and to atone for its abruptness, consider I entreat, that the present is the only happy moment, I have ever had for making a discovery, on the success of which my existence depends."

"Since, answered I in a severe tone, you appear entirely ignorant of the rules of common sense, as well as good manners, I must require Lady Stanby's presence."

"Her Ladyship, Madam, possesses too much good nature, to deprive a despairing lover of the few happy moments, his severe destiny affords him."

“That vile woman was in his secret, Ellen, you may depend on it,” cried Lady Somers.

“I suspected so, resumed Mrs. Faulkner, and therefore hastily rang the bell, and ordered my chair, which being instantly ready, I quitted the house without seeing any thing more of Lady Stanby;—the information I had now to give Mrs. Burton, greatly displeased her.—It had, she said, an ill look,—however by forbidding Courtland her house, the affair would certainly be at an end.—In consequence of her resolution to this effect, he was never afterwards admitted,—nor did I imagine, Lady Stanby would be forward to intrude her visits,—but I was mistaken,—she came as usual, and behaved with the same easy air as before, insomuch that my good cousin, began to imagine her Ladyship, was totally a stranger to Courtland’s conduct,—One morning she had paid us a short visit, when taking up my muff which happened to have laid on the table, I found within it a paper, containing these words :

“Do

“Do the rigours of winter, agree with the beauties of summer?—no more can the insensibility of fifty, agree with the susceptibility of eighteen,—mistake not,—nature has formed thee for love,—tremble then at the idea of disobeying her decree.—There is one whose bosom, glows with the most refined and ardent passion for thy charming self,—wouldst thou forbid him to live,—ah no!—thy bosom has in it more of the divine fire of benevolence,—thou must not then forbid him to love,—love is his life, and must be thine also,—believe the words of

A BRAMIN.”

“I could no longer doubt of Lady Stanby’s duplicity, and burning with resentment, both against her and the writer of the insolent scrawl, I was just about to fling it into the fire, when Faulkner appeared, on which I put it hastily into my pocket, and looked I believe a good deal discomposed.”—

“One

"One would suspect, said the Captain laughing, you had there a billet doux my dear, that you put it by in such haste."

"I believe, answered I, it is somewhat of that kind, tho' certainly the most ridiculous which folly ever indited."

I then gave him the paper, which greatly diverted him.—"Can you guess, asked he, who the author of it is?"—I replied I could, and after frankly relating every thing I had seen in Courtland's behaviour to justify the conclusion, desired him to direct me how to act on so insulting an occasion."

"As to that my dear Ellen, he replied, the native purity of your heart, will be a sure defence against the attacks of this, or any other worthless libertine,—and the best mode of shewing your resentment will be, by treating the whole affair with silent contempt."

"But Lady Stanby's conduct surely merits—"

“Exactly the same treatment, interrupted he, you know my dear, you cannot clearly prove her an accessory in the matter,—and if you could, a woman of her cast, so far from being penetrated by reproof, would only revenge the mortification of it, by attempting a real injury, whereas in this affair, it can be in her power to do you none.”

On this occasion the Captain delicately thanked me, for the confidence I had reposed in him, which he considered as an indubitable proof of regard, that rendered him one of the happiest of men; adding, that he esteemed the friendship of his Ellen, a more valuable treasure than the avowed love of half the sex.—You may judge Henrietta, how much I was gratified by these acknowledgements, and how precious I felt these sentiments, expressed by the man to whom I was indissolubly united.”

“I can easily comprehend your sensations, on such an occasion my dear, said Lady Somers,

mers,—but pray how did this love affair end at last?”

“ I heard no more of it, resumed Mrs. Faulkner, for I was urgent with the Captain to leave town, which he immediately complied with, and taking a most tender leave of Mrs. Burton, we set out for this seat.”

“ I am no longer surprised, my dear Ellen, said her friend, that the sight of this rake, discomposed you a little at first;—but I would advise you to rally your spirits, and think no more of it.”

“ But suppose he should make some stay in the neighbourhood?”

“ And if he do, I hardly suppose he will resume the old affair,—but even in that case you have no cause for alarm.”

A summons to dinner here broke off the tête-à-tête,—the Captain both felt and expressed

pressed great satisfaction, at finding his lady's indisposition so entirely removed, and the remainder of the day passed in the same cheerful manner as usual.—

CHAP. IV.

SOME time on the following day, Mrs. Faulkner having retired to dress before dinner, her woman delivered her a letter, which on being opened was found to contain the following words,

“ Wonder not Madam, that love, has rendered me ingenious, in devising the means of once more beholding your adorable person. — Fortune at length has favoured my diligence, by introducing me to the acquaintance of a family, who visit at your seat, and I may now hope for the blissful opportunity,

of soliciting your compassion. Should you prove really so inexorable as to allow nothing farther, to the sincerest passion which ever actuated a human bosom,—admit me to your presence, that at least I may breathe my last sigh, in telling you with what sincerity of devotion, I am

Your admiring

COURTLAND.

“And who, Jenny, asked the lady, colouring with resentment, delivered you this letter?”

“A footman of Mr. Grainger, Madam, and charged me to give it into your own hand.”

She then dismissed the girl, with orders not to return till she rang for her,—and being now alone, gave vent to her emotions by a flood of tears;—what conduct to pursue she really knew not.—By silence she would be liable to farther insults of the same kind,—
and

and by appealing to the Captain, she foresaw a measure pregnant with danger;—at length she obtained a private conversation with Lady Somers, by whose counsels her perturbations were so far subsided, as not to be observed by Captain Faulkner; towards evening a card arrived from the Grainger family, importing that they would on the next day drink tea at the Lodge.—The idea of Courtland darting immediately into her mind, with the plan he had laid for obtaining admission to her company, excited so distressing an emotion that she exclaimed in a tone of vexation, “It can’t be,—I can’t see them to-morrow,—I am ill,—I am engaged.”

“’Tis impossible to give a perfect idea of the Captain’s surprise, at this extraordinary behaviour to a respectable family, with whom they were in a habit of friendly intimacy;—“Ill,—engaged,—my dear Ellen,—I do not comprehend you,—you are not used to speak thus incongruously.”

Lady Somers entirely entering into her feelings, answered him with a jocular air,—“What now I warrant Captain it surprises you, to find we women can have our whims, as well as the gentlemen, and let me tell you sir, it is your duty to submit to them without remonstrance.”

“My Ellen’s inclinations, Madam, will ever be a law with me,—of course I shall find no difficulty, in the submission your Ladyship enjoins.”

This he spoke with an air of so much good humour, that the incident was no more noticed;—Mrs. Faulkner however, notwithstanding her most strenuous endeavours, found it impossible to be herself, during the rest of the evening;—for the first time, the cheerfulness of this little party was damped,—they all retired earlier than usual,—Captain Faulkner perceived his lady to be really unwell, for by this time the agitation of her mind, had excited some symptoms of a fever,—he
was

was greatly alarmed, and addressing her in the tenderest accents said,—“ My Ellen,—my life ! what is the occasion of this disorder ?—your conduct this evening,—your visible uneasiness convinces me there is some especial cause.”

Unable to determine if it would be prudent to acquaint her husband with the cause, she made no answer,—again he solicited information, and again she was silent.

“ Well, resumed he, I cease to urge you on a subject, which you wish not to communicate, tho’ sorry to find that sweet confidence is withdrawn, which once rendered me so happy.”

Sensibly touched by that gentle reproof, she burst into tears, and pressing his hand which still tenderly held hers, she replied :

“ It is in that confidence alone, I feel I must look both for protection and tranquillity,—I wish to acquaint you with every motion

of my soul, as it is in your counsels I find redress, under my present uneasiness;—but promise me sir, that you will take no measures in consequence of my relation, in which you have not my hearty concurrence.”

“Why this caution my dearest Ellen?—surely I have on all occasions, endeavoured to evince a will, conformable to your own.”

“I acknowledge it, with the liveliest gratitude my dear Faulkner,—still however in compliance with my weakness, you must give me this promise.”

“I do give it sincerely,—speak then my love, and you shall be, as you have ever been since our happy union, the sole directress of my actions.”

She then related all which had recently passed, respecting Courtland,—on which he looked extremely serious,—but tenderly taking her in his arms, replied,—“This generous

rous confidence delights my grateful soul,—but surely my Ellen, you could not mean to restrict me, from resenting this new insult as it deserves.”

“ You forget surely, that formerly you told me, such conduct merited only silent contempt.”

“ I then considered it as mere unmeaning gallantry my dear,—a sort of homage, which I might expect would be paid to your beauty ;—but this determined perseverance shews deep rooted villany, and is no longer to be regarded as a mere bagatelle.”

“ Ah! this construction is what I feared,—in your protection let me find safety,—but let not my happiness be hazarded for a wretched libertine.”

“ You may rely on the promise, you have extorted from me Ellen, but was it well judged of you to exact it.”

“Certainly it was, if you suppose I prize your safety, above every other consideration.”

“Beyond my honour Ellen !”

“Honour!—What honour obliges a man of merit, to risk a life dear to society, for a creature whose very existence is a nuisance?”

“Well my dear, rest satisfied of my observing my word,—we will consider farther of the steps proper to be taken; mean time, for my sake, banish that inward perturbation which gives me alarming apprehensions for your health.”

Mrs. Faulkner having thus lightened her bosom of its painful burden, really felt herself much more at ease,—a night’s rest therefore was sufficient to remove the indisposition which had originated in anxiety of mind.—The Captain on the following morning, had risen early, and on entering the breakfast room, she found him with a pen and ink,
having

having just finished a letter, on the cover of which she read, "The honourable Mr. Courtland,"—instantaneously turning pale as ashes, she would doubtless have sunk in terror to the ground, had he not caught her in his arms, and in a voice of kindness desired she would read, what he had written before she drew her conclusion,—the billet was to this effect:

"I would advise you, Courtland, if you value either your safety or reputation, to make your speedy retreat to some of those places, where your libertine principles, may meet with a more uninterrupted scope, than they are likely to do in this neighbourhood.—I consider you as far beneath my resentment, as the lady you have insulted is superior to your baseness, and should you not take this hint, you may expect to be exposed to that contempt and ridicule, which your conduct justly deserves."

"AUGUSTUS FAULKNER."

Perfectly satisfied with this concise reprimand,

mand, she urged the speedy dispatch of the billet, the consequence of which was, that Courtland on the very next day returned post to town.—Such principles as he indulged, however uncondemned in the fashionable world, could not, he well knew, stand the test of public observation, in a place, where virtue and simplicity formed the characteristic of the neighbourhood; and tho' prepared to resist reproof, with an undaunted brow, he was unequal to that general contempt and ridicule, which must in this place have followed a discovery of his conduct.

The certainty of Courtland's retreat, speedily restored the tranquillity of Mrs. Faulkner, and by consequence that of her husband also, and as they now made no secret of the affair to their two visitors, the adventure furnished them with a very laughable topic of conversation;—the late unavoidable incivility to the Grainger family, was amply atoned for by an early invitation, and decent apologies, and social harmony was cultivated as successfully as ever.

Sir Robert and Lady Somers, having passed nearly two months with their Cumberland friends, were preparing to return into Somersetshire, whither the Captain and his Lady promised to follow them, sometime in the following autumn, intending to pass several months at Somers-Hill and Bath.—But this social plan so satisfactory to all parties, was disconcerted by the following incident.

The Captain had, it seems, a sister in Germany, whom he tenderly loved;—she had married an officer in the imperial army, who was lately deceased, in consequence of which she had written to her brother, to entreat his presence, in order to assist in settling her affairs, and to conduct her to England, where she wished to spend the remainder of her days.—

This letter arrived about two days before the Baronet and his Lady quitted the Lodge, and the Captain with an air of concern, went with it to his wife's dressing room, to inform
her

her he was greatly perplexed, and really at a loss how to determine.—Having read the letter, she replied,—“Surely sir, you will not hesitate to comply, with the earnest request of a sister, whose affairs evidently require your assistance.”

“I should not indeed, my dear, were I not straitened by an obligation, which I feel of a superior kind to that of fraternal affection;—shall I,—ought I to leave my wife unprotected and alone!”

“Let not that consideration, my dear sir, deter you a moment,—I should not indeed be easy in your absence, and therefore if you see no impropriety in the request, I would desire permission to attend you.”

“And would you really Ellen, cried he, with pleasurable surprise, undertake so long and troublesome a journey?”

“I dare say I should not consider it so, when
travel-

travelling in such society, and on such an occasion.—You must not conclude me sir, so void of the feelings of humanity, as not to be able to find pleasure in the thought, that any inconveniences I might meet with by the way, would be sustained by the calls of duty and benevolence.”

“Excellent woman! he exclaimed, what an inestimable treasure do I possess, or what merit of mine could claim so rich a reward!—yet reflect on the matter,—and should you find cause to retract your assent to this journey, I can very reasonably excuse myself to my sister, and will provide a trusty person to escort her to England.”

Mrs. Faulkner however steadily persisted in her resolution, of accompanying him to the continent, where she conceived he was indispensibly bound by fraternal duty to go; preparations for their departure were made with all speed, and Sir Robert and Lady, were obliged to postpone the expectation of receiving

ceiving them in the west, till after their return from Germany, when it was agreed, that they should make a visit to Somers-Hill, previous to their returning to the Lodge.

Reflecting that the intended improvements of the house and gardens, was now threatened with delay, Captain Faulker sent for an able architect, to whom he committed the execution of a plan, he had already concerted with his Lady, with strict orders to have the whole compleated by their return.—

Mrs. Faulkner expressing a wish, to see the good Mrs Burton before they quitted England; they took their route by way of London, having spent a few days with that lady, they proceeded to Dover, and took shipping for Ostend.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

LADY Somers on her return into Somersetshire, greatly revived the spirits of her father, by the pleasing accounts she gave him respecting Mrs. Faulkner,—“It is matter of great consolation to me, said he, to know that an amiable woman, whom I grossly injured is happily settled,—Captain Faulkner shall receive my warmest thanks, for his tenderness to that angel, if I live to see him in this part of the world.”

“You will live I trust, my dearest sir, very many happy years, to participate in the felicity of those who are dear to you.”

“ Indeed Henrietta, I have many more comforts in my cup of life, than I deserve, and could I but know your brother had forgotten his wrongs, I should die in peace.”

Now if the reader feel that interest in our history, which we wish, he doubtless, as well as Mr. Fitz Aubin, is desirous that our traveller should obliterate the memory of his cruel disappointments: for we conceive, there is nothing in the character of that young gentleman, to render it pleasing to critical justice, that he should remain the only unhappy personage in the work.—To gratify this curiosity, we deem it high time to resume the affairs of Henry Fitz Aubin, whom some chapters since, we left in the beginning of his continental tour.—It was at Milan, that he had the satisfaction of meeting with Mr. Henderson.—Being one day in one of the public walks, he recognized that gentleman, but was not sufficiently near to take the advantage of the circumstance,—his eye followed him however,

ever, till he saw him enter the hotel where he lodged, he then followed and sent up his name,—“Take also this ring, added he to the servant, and say the person who owns it, desires admission to Mr. Henderson.”—In an instant Mr. Henderson was on the stairs,—mutual satisfaction animating both, they flew towards each other, and each in ardent terms congratulated himself, on so agreeable a rencounter.—From this time the two travellers were inseparable, and passed the remainder of the day, in severally relating their adventures since last they parted.

“I left England rather hastily, said Mr. Henderson, the reason for which I did not then acquaint you;—but it was in consequence of some intelligence I received, that a worthy gentleman, of my acquaintance had, in consequence of his mercantile connections, become greatly embarrassed at Leghorn;—to extricate him, and to comfort an amiable wife, whom he had left in London with a large family, was the motive that

that led me hither.—I settled the affair with some Italian bankers, in consequence of which Mr. S— was enabled to re-appear with credit, and is now on his way to England.”

“Acts of beneficence, cried Fitz Aubin, charmed with the relation, make up the duty of man to man,—but alas! how few acquit themselves of the incumbent task.”

“Pecuniary assistance, resumed Mr. Henderson, is not always in the power of the truly benevolent to bestow. Few persons are so unhappy as to possess no relative connections, consequently, there are few who are so indispensably bound to afford pecuniary assistance to the unfortunate, on so extensive a plan, as I conceive myself to be, whose only social ties, are those of human nature at large.”

“Happy liberality of sentiment, exclaimed he, which must enable the possessor to enjoy a home in every place.”

“The

“The human heart, replied the other, was formed to admit the tender charities of life, in a more appropriate degree,—but,—and he sighed as he spoke,—they are mine no longer,—hence I have taught my affections, to embrace the universal family of rational nature,—to feel a home wherever the face of man is found, and to recognize a kindred being in every son or daughter of Adam.”

In this short conversation, Mr. Henderson had intimated sufficient to rouse the curiosity of his companion, as to the peculiar circumstances of his story;—but it was clear he touched on those with pain, and therefore good manners effectually restrained the other, from urging a subject of that nature;—their discourse then fell on the agreeable incident of their meeting,—their respective intentions as to the future, and concluded with concerting a plan for making the tour of Europe together;—disengaged from local attachments, as both at this time were, the scheme was agreed on with mutual avidity, as it could

not fail of being productive of mutual advantage and pleasure.

The respectable acquaintance they had formed at Milan, would have prompted Fitz Aubin to make a considerable stay here, had Mr. Henderson been as willing on that point as himself, but there were reasons which induced him to hasten his removal,—his own praises in fact burdened his ear, for the affair of Mr. S— had taken air, in spite of all he could do to prevent it, and was as much the theme of public admiration as of discourse;—in passing the very streets, he was gazed at as a phenomenon of disinterested benevolence, and in polite company was seldom mentioned by any other appellation, than that of the generous Englishman;—circumstances which would have been highly gratifying to some minds,—to Mr. Henderson they were far from being so,—he performed the most exalted acts of beneficence, from a motive infinitely superior to that of human applause, and consequently conceived the latter as derogatory

gatory to virtue, as it was irksome to his modest ear.—Our travellers therefore quitted Milan, and made a visit to the papal territories, where they stopped long enough to gratify a refined taste, in viewing the admired remains of classical antiquity.—At any other period than the present, France would have been the object of their curiosity; but they left it to pursue their route through Switzerland.

“We shall lose much by this motion, said Mr. Henderson, in respect to polished manners, and the pleasures of refined society;—but the loss will not be regretted, by such as are lovers of simplicity, which is a principal trait in the character of the Swiss; a people who dared to be poor and free, in an age when the human mind, seemed peculiarly adapted to the slavery, in which we know most European states have long been sunk.”

“Do you then suppose, my dear sir, that the condition of slavery, is at any time congenial to the human character.”—

“Yes, Fitz Aubin, I do suppose it,—for both my course of reading, and active speculation, convince me that there have been periods in all states, wherein mankind have been qualified for no better condition.”

“How, sir,—an Englishman positively give his assent, in approbation of slavery, cried Fitz Aubin surprised.”

“Did I say, smiling, that I approved the condition of slavery?”

“Not positively I confess;—but did you not express yourself tantamount to the same meaning.”

“You greatly mistook if you thought so, —no, no,—taught from my cradle to value
the

the blessings of a free constitution, I should be glad to see the condition of all mankind, as happy as that which Britons have for ages been blest with;—but still I assert (and you may take it for a panegyric, if you please, on our ancestors,) that all have not been qualified for it.”

“An opinion so very novel, requires something more than mere dogma to support it, I think sir.”

“Very well,—you shall then have such arguments as are sufficient to explain my meaning, tho’ probably they may fail of convincing others;—social communities could originally, have been nothing more than fraternal associations, for the support of good order, —which the more effectually to maintain, it was sometimes thought expedient, to vest an executive power in an individual, which individual was considered as a kind of chief magistrate, and nothing more,—arbitrary

power is a thing so dissonant to the natural feelings of man, that we may conclude it never was established but by slow imperceptible degrees, and in exact proportion, as the people degenerated! from that manly character, which depends on the strength and exertion, of their moral and intellectual powers.—Where these obtained tyranny was unheard of, or if attempted could no longer exist, as the earlier ages of the Greek and Roman states evince;—but as luxury, corruption and effeminacy increased, freedom declined,—or in other words tyranny was established on the ruins of public virtue.”

“ That consequence I believe, Mr. Henderson, is generally acknowledged,—still however you have not shewn, that arbitrary government best suits a people, even when thus degenerated.”

“ Why then, I think my friend, I may yet do so without much difficulty.—When
the

the moral taste is become corrupt, you will doubtless allow, that neither private nor public virtue can exist;—enlarge the idea, and imagine this depravity to be the general character of a people, and you will perceive an end of the fraternal state;—equality of rights, or national liberty, cannot exist where the love of order is universally despised;—the due equipoise of power, which constitutes a free government, must be annihilated where all would be rich and powerful:—hence anarchy must naturally result, in which the more successful villains, would prey on their less daring or crafty brethren of the same stamp, till the human species would be in danger of extermination.—Now then let us introduce arbitrary power, as a violent remedy for a desperate disease, and I think it is clear that a people thus characterized, neither deserve, nor in the moral order of things could endure, any other mode of government;—absolute rule becomes in such a case a salutary regimen,—or in other words

the absence of those virtues, which resist arbitrary power renders its existence a political good."

"Je vous remercie, cried a strange voice from behind them; I have heard nothing better urged in defence of those principles, which with the last drop of my blood, I will resolutely maintain."

Startled at the interruption, they looked around to discover the speaker, and perceived a french ecclesiastic, who had over heard their discourse, for it had been uttered while the two travellers, reposed themselves in the shade of a small thicket, on one side of the road.

"Ah, resumed the priest crossing his breast, all good men as well as good catholics, must deplore the miseries of our poor unhappy country!"

"I do

“ I do indeed deplore them, returned Mr. Henderson,—but without intending to adduce France, as a corroborative proof of the position, you just heard me advance, at least in the present case; for tho’ in the fondness which we all have for a favourite hypothesis, I will suppose the old government of that country, to have been established by the same means, as arbitrary systems every where have, and I rather attribute the miserable condition thereof, to a regeneration than a degradation of the national character.”

“ Mon dieu ! exclaimed the ecclesiastic lifting up his hands, if such acts of deep horror, as they have perpetrated be the regeneration of the human character, we may expect it shortly to surpass the arch apostate himself.”

“ Have patience my good father, said Mr. Henderson, and you shall find me discriminate between the principle and effect, which in the general commiseration, is of late incon-

fiderately blended together ;—I need not enumerate the ages, thro' which the monstrous structure of tyrannic sway, has accumulated strength in France, nor what the character of the people may have been during that period ; since that body, who by the help of St. Peter's key, unlocks the private recesses of the heart, can ascertain it to a nicety."

The satire, keen as it was, extorted no reply from the priest,—he folded his arms cross-ways on his breast, while the turn of his eye expressed humility and forgiveness ;—in an instant, Mr. Henderson recollected himself, and cordially taking the other's hand resumed, "Forgive me I entreat, that which I know not how to pardon in myself ;—had I met you in the pride of unshaken hierarchy, the severity of my reflection had required no apology ;—but now I offer one."

"A sympathy so noble, returned he, must obliterate all offence,—go on sir,—henceforth

forth I can endure any thing you may be pleased to say."

"Since you declare thus, my dear father, I will go so far as to add, that from the beginning of the sixteenth century, a beam of renovated light has gradually diffused itself, over the mental darkness of Europe.—The French are the first to demonstrate its happy effects, therefore, I call the principle of their revolution, a glorious proof of the regeneration of their character, while those tragical consequences, which I and every man of feeling deplore, ought to be considered as the effect of their former depravity, and demonstrate that the rekindling principle of virtue is not yet generally restored.—The extinction of party, and consequently the revival of order, according to this idea must evince the ascendancy of the former character, and prove their desert of that freedom, which every lover of his species would sincerely wish them to enjoy."

Here Mr. Henderson being in haste to depart, cordially shook the ecclesiastic by the hand, and taking a purse from his pocket, would have slipped it unobserved, into the other's hand,—“No, cried the priest, I must not deceive you, generous stranger,—I belong to that order, which as a protestant, I am sensible you detest.”

“But you are also of the order of mankind, returned Mr. Henderson, and as such have a claim on the good offices of a brother;—besides, sir, religion no more than humanity, knows nothing of sect or party.”

Fitz Aubin all this time had been no uninterested auditor, and not altogether without his apprehensions, that the debate would terminate in a different way to what it did;—but the reason of this was, that as yet he was but imperfectly acquainted with Mr. Henderson's disposition,—the priest having repaid his obligation as he imagined, by a pray-

er at parting, for the stranger's conversion to the *true church*, left them to pursue their journey, which they soon after did, towards Switzerland.

CHAP. V.

AMUSEMENT being the avowed motive of their travels, it may be supposed our travellers did not post it through the cantons; tho' as Mr. Henderson so frequently step'd aside, to the relief of persons exciting his compassion and benevolence, their progress was less speedy than it would otherwise have been.

Having at length proceeded so far as Munich, they chanced at a public ordinary in
that

that place, to meet with an officer, who was just come from Vienna ;—among other topics of discourse, he happened to speak of a duel, which had lately taken place in that city, between two English gentlemen, one of whom was killed at the second firing.

“ Pray, sir, said Fitz Aubin, do you recollect the name.”

“ I think I do, sir,—the unfortunate combatant was named Faulkner.”

“ Heavens and earth !—did you say Faulkner ?”

“ I did,—it was a Captain Faulkner,—your disorder leads me to conclude, you were acquainted with him ?”

“ Ah, sir ! with a face pale as death, I beseech you to inform me of all you know, respecting this unhappy affair ?”

“ I left

"I left Vienna, on the morning after the fatal rencontre, consequently, am but imperfectly informed;—all I know is, that the Captain was much respected, and his lady universally pitied."

"His lady!—Oh Mr. Henderson!"

He could articulate no more,—never was distress more strongly depicted, than at that moment, it was in the whole form of Fitz Aubin.—Mr. Henderson too well guessed his interest in the fatal transaction, and therefore, wisely forbore to divert the course of his emotions;—at length, he exclaimed, starting as from a profound reverie,—“Why do I thus delay?—I fly Mr. Henderson this moment!”

“Whither do you mean, my dear Fitz Aubin?”

“To Vienna, sir!—oh, what must now be the situation, of the most excellent of women!

—I

—I will hasten to her,—I will attempt to support her gentle spirits, by the suggestions of—”

“Consider what you say, friend.”

“I can consider nothing, sir, but that Mrs. Faulkner stands in need of consolation.”

“But it is not from you she must receive it,—consider her situation,—what would the world say, should you precipitately appear on such an occasion,—have at least some regard to that lady’s reputation.”

“Alas,—why that phlegmatic suggestion?”

“Merely to prevent a measure, which in some less perturbed moment you would yourself condemn;—what have I to do, that I should not act on the occasion as your representative?”

sentative?—commission me my dear Henry,—you will find me faithful, to the tender feelings of a generous heart.”

“ Ah my dearest sir! how grateful to me is that friendly zeal;—go then, since you kindly propose it, and console that afflicted angel;—tell her that I deputed you;—that I feel her sorrows, even more exquisitely than she herself can do.”

“ I shall omit nothing befitting the occasion assure yourself, and shall write as soon as I can learn the truth of the affair.”

In somewhat less than an hour, Mr. Henderson was ready to depart;—various were the sensations, which during his absence occupied the bosom of Fitz Aubin;—commiseration of Mrs. Faulkner's situation, was unquestionably a principal feeling, but we must not deny that there existed some of a different nature,—it was perhaps impossible
so

so entirely to abstract from selfish regard, as not to consider Mrs. Faulkner's having become a widow, with some distant views of no very afflictive kind;—suspence, however, agitated his mind in a most painful manner, till a courier arrived with a letter from Mr. Henderson, which as we conceive it better calculated, to convey the requisite information to the reader, than the narrative alone, we here subjoin verbatim.

HENRY FITZ AUBIN, ESQ.

I arrived last night at Vienna, and hasten now to give you such information, as I have been enabled to obtain.—I am obliged to say, your fears anticipated it all before, for the unfortunate duellist was Captain Faulkner, husband to your own Ellen;—you may believe I lost no time, in hastening to the house of mourning, where I found servants only, for Mrs. Faulkner had quitted it immediately on the fatal catastrophe, and was retired to a

con-

convent, a little distant from the city.—I find the wretch who murdered him was named Courtland, one of those pests of society, who scruple not the violation of every sacred tie, when their sensual appetites are to be indulged;—in other words,—a libertine, who dared to offer illicit love to Mrs. Faulkner;—I need not say, that from virtue so pure as her's, he met with the contempt he merited;—but even virtue itself you find, cannot secure the possessor from the afflictive consequences of others vices.—By lamentable accident Courtland had arrived at Vienna, a short time before your friends;—Captain Faulkner happened to meet him at a coffee-house, and there received from him such an insult, as according to the modern idea of honour, was not to be passively overlooked.—The villain I find was base enough, to drop before him some disrespectful expressions respecting his lady's continence, grounded on the great disparity of years between them,—for which as you might expect, he received a challenge;—
better

better in the idea of cool reason had it been, for the Captain to have taken legal revenge, which at least our own country would have afforded;—but considering his profession, and consequently early prejudices, it could not be expected he would determine otherwise than he unfortunately did;—the Captain's pistol missed fire,—the wretch had the baseness to discharge his, and immediately laid his injured antagonist dead on the spot.—I need not add, that the proof of having received the challenge, was sufficient to afford the murderer an opportunity to escape.

I will not dwell on the melancholy incident, but rather proceed to inform you of my farther measures.—I went directly to the convent to which Mrs. Faulkner had retired, and saw her reclining on a sofa in the Abbess's parlour;—her face was covered with a mourning veil, nor did she once remove it.—“Fitz Aubin said I, unhappy lady, has commissioned me to wait on you, with offers of the best assistance in my power to render.”

“Ah,

"Ah, sir! I am too wretched to receive benefit, by any human means."

"Take comfort, said the Abbess,—remember the path of suffering is that of glory."

"I have long trod it, she replied, in an accent which would have drawn tears of sympathy, from a savage;—I wept like a child Fitz Aubin;—the Abbess's eyes overflowed likewise.——

"What can I do Madam, to serve you?"

"Nothing,—nothing,—yet there is one office."

"I comprehend you,—that pious task shall be my care."

I then took my leave, and went back to the house, where I took care to see every thing

thing executed, which the occasion demanded;—the funeral was performed with a degree of magnificence becoming the rank of the deceased;—after which, I settled the domestic affairs, and gave each of the servants such a gratuity, as I judged them to have deserved.—Mrs. Faulkner's own woman I have settled in proper lodgings, till her lady shall otherwise determine, for at present she will suffer no attendant to be with her.—Among the papers, I have met with a deed in the Captain's own hand writing, by which he has unreservedly bequeathed his property to his wife,—the instrument runs in a style, most emphatically expressive of the affection he bore her, and is dated the very day preceding the unhappy duel.

I have heard by every hand so amiable a character of the deceased, that his sad fate affects me in no common degree;—his soul was noble,—frank, generous and sincere,—firm in his friendships,—placable in resentment,

ment, whenever the offender's character was entitled to such lenity; and on all occasions more susceptible of wrongs, done to those he loved, than to himself;—not remarkable for brilliancy of parts, but eminently so, for every valuable quality of the human heart.—Such I find was Captain Faulkner, whose memory I shall cherish, as deserving a better fate, than to fall by the assassin's sword.—But no more of this gloomy subject.—

With a view to promote your tranquillity, as far as may be, I shall close my letter with assuring you, that Mrs. Faulkner will be destitute of no comfort or assistance, which can possibly be rendered her, by

EDWARD HENDERSON.

P. S. Expect to hear from me again, in a post or two at farthest.

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The SAME to the SAME.

Lost in the contemplation of that mysterious path, by which I have been conducted to my present felicity, I know not if I can be sufficiently recollected to relate the incident, which must render you a participator in my happiness.—In what words shall I describe to you the feelings of my soul, when after twenty years mourning, for the loss of all which my soul held dear,—a beloved wife and infant daughter;—after passing that period without any of those endearing connections, which sweeten our terrestrial probation, and as a citizen of the world, seeking in society at large those satisfactions, which I was forbidden to enjoy in a domestic sphere.—How I say shall I describe my feelings, when at last I find myself blest in the existence of a daughter, that daughter the very person, whose dignity of soul has for some time, been the subject of my

my veneration, as by your story I understood her character.

Yes, Fitz Aubin,—attend and wonder at the intelligence, *your* Ellen is *my* daughter,—but how this amazing fact was explained, I will endeavour to command myself enough to tell you.

On the day after I dispatched my last to you, I paid a second visit to the charming widow,—I entered the parlour of the convent in awful silence, for I knew not in what words to inform her, that I had executed the commission she had given me.—

“I see, said she, sir, that you have done all I could desire,—and now allow me to express my grateful sense, of the obligations you have conferred.—By what name I would ask, may I remember so seasonable and kind a friend.”

“I did

“ I did not design, I replied, to take my final leave so speedily,—but rather waited on you now to ask, in what farther respect, my services may be useful.”

“ Alas, sir! there remains nothing farther to engage my attention to the world,—I quit it for ever;—in this retreat I intend to pass the residue of a life, which from infancy has been marked, by misfortune and sorrow.”

“ That Madam, would be a resolution totally unworthy of one, who has already demonstrated a magnanimity superior to the sex. —Would you sully the glory of the past, by making a sacrifice to a pusillanimous grief, of that life, which may be so much more laudably employed?”

“ What have I to do with a world, cried she energetically, which does not afford me one kindred bosom, on which to repose my sorrows.—In my tenderest infancy, I was left

an orphan, and sorrow marked me for its own;—I lost my father before I was capable of feeling that misfortune, and my mother not then acquainted with the extent of her sorrows, was on her way to join him in India, when with me an infant in her arms, we were cast on the Irish coast, and thrown on the mere humanity of the benevolent;—grief soon ended her unhappy life,—would I had then accompanied her to the peaceful tomb!"

Here Mrs. Faulkner in the violence of her sorrow, arose, and by that motion, removed a veil, which till now, had concealed her face;—her story had particularly interested my feelings,—but I now beheld a face, the dear resemblance of which, was engraven on my soul, never to be erased,—I arose also, and with great agitation desired she would acquaint me, with the name of her family.

"Rushford, sir, was my father's name."

"Powers

“Powers of mercy! I exclaimed,—is it possible,—Caroline Rushford.”—

“Ah, my mother’s honoured name,—what can all this portend?”

Here I sunk on my knees,—I felt myself no longer an inhabitant of this sublunar sphere,—wrapt in divine ecstasy, I continued some moments entranced in bliss,—at length rising, clasped her in my arms,—“O thou, I cried, whom heaven has reserved to obliterate the remembrance of all my sorrows—by what words shall I express my transport,—you are my daughter,—I am that Edward Rushford, to whom your dear mother was going;—till this blest moment, I knew not but you both had perished;—yes, my child, I am indeed thy father.”

What followed is not to be described,—’twas the bliss of angels;—I shall only add, that concluding as I did, my wife and infant

lost on their passage to India, I had no wish to revisit my native country.—After some time, I applied myself to business, purely with a view to dissipate my melancholy, and gradually became rich, without feeling the remotest wish of being so.—After a period of nearly fifteen years had elapsed, I found it expedient to return to Eng'land, for the sake of my health;—but the better to conceal myself, from the recollection of my own family, with whom I determined to have no connexion, I took the name of Henderson.—How singularly by that appellation, I was brought acquainted with the son of my dear Ellen's benefactors,—with all the other astonishing connexions of the events, shall be the theme of our future gratitude and wonder;—at present, I shall go on to inform you, that we propose setting out as soon as possible for England, in order to proceed to Faulkner Lodge, where my dearest Ellen intends to pass, the first year of her widowhood, with no other society but that of her happy father.

—By

—By this you understand my dear Fitz Aubin, that before the expiration of that period, a visit from you would not be desired,—but,—and let me with pleasure anticipate the pleasing future,—I hope to live, to join the hand of my beloved child, to that of Henry Fitz Aubin. I have long esteemed you, as one of the worthiest of men;—the favourable impression you left on my mind, at our first meeting, has been abundantly confirmed by all I have known of you since;—it will therefore be the completion of my earthly felicity, to see you united to each other.—I have wealth enough for you,—but that consideration is not very material to the man, who so tenderly loved, in spite of every pecuniary advantage.—

Ellen declares, she will not see you in Germany, and perhaps it would not be right she should.—Farewell then, till we meet in Cumberland, where I hope soon to convey my inestimable treasure,—mean time, acquaint

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your

your good father, that he shall very shortly receive, such an acknowledgement of his past kindness to Ellen Rushford, as becomes her ever grateful father,

EDWARD RUSHFORD.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THE surprising relation contained in Mr. Henderson's letter, having reached Fitz Aubin at Munich, he immediately transmitted such an answer, as breathed the effusions of a soul, awakened instantaneously to bliss and rapture ;—he also ventured to write to Mrs. Faulkner, whose purity of soul could not be offended, by that tribute of an affection, which was no less delicate than unchangeable ; but he resolved also to abide by the injunction, of not attempting to see her, till such a time had expired, as the respect

she bore Captain Faulkner's memory should dictate.—The period would indeed appear long, when computed by the ardour of love; but the more successfully to divert it, he determined on passing some months longer abroad.—There are moments sometimes in life, when the absence of the dearest companions are compensated by the mind's sweet reflections.—Henry could scarcely be sensible of the loss of Mr. Henderson's society, when allowed to indulge such ideas, as would easily furnish an entertainment of the most exquisite kind; but the blissful visions of future, which now gaily danced before his eyes, were destined to be of short duration.—Instantaneously they disappeared, and left him once more a prey to sorrows unutterable, for scarcely had a fortnight elapsed, when a courier delivered him the following letter:

“Take back the congratulations you sent me, my Fitz Aubin,—they belong not to me,

me,—no;—congratulation suits not the man, who for twenty years has been the food for sorrow, and who is destined to sink at last, under the severest disappointment, that ever blasted the warm joys of an exulting heart.—Let horrors deep be our theme;—let us talk of Ellen's tomb;—aye,—talk of it, till this stout heart, which long has stood the shocks of stern adversity, shall break;—and is it not yet done?—then surely I am formed of the firm mass which constitutes the solid earth's foundation.—Ellen is dead,—she lies cold,—cold my Fitz Aubin, and I, her aged father, once mocked with the most illusive hope, yet live to tell thee so.—Come to me, and I will point out the spot which hides my treasure;—that treasure which I no sooner gained, than lost again for ever,—Ellen is no more.”

“I had left her happy in the calm retreat of piety, while I went a few leagues from the city, to render some trifling office of charity to a distressed family, and at the

expiration of three days, returned to enjoy the society of my darling child;—but she, whose sight was the renovation of all my vital powers, was now a corpse;—she had been seized with a dreadful malady, and within one hour was no more.—The Abbess weeping pointed to the choir;—I followed;—I saw the funeral obsequies ready to be performed;—my child,—my bliss,—extended on the mournful bier.—This have I seen my Fitz Aubin, —nay more;—I beheld the greedy earth close over this fair flower;—I saw my Ellen, consigned to the dust.—Tell me now if you can, what has the universe itself to give in compensation, for a loss like this.”

“But come and we will weep together,—there is luxury in grief,—come, join your grief with mine, my Harry, and let a wretched parent, have at least the opportunity of pouring his tears, into a sympathizing bosom;—but even here I check that poor request,—so much am I the sport of fortune, that perhaps

haps that feeble comfort is denied to the wretched

E. HENDERSON.

Tho' the above letter is here transcribed at large, Fitz Aubin could peruse no more of it, than what conveyed the soul rending intelligence, that his Ellen was no more,—it drop'd from his motionless hand, and he remained the silent image of unutterable woe;—long he continued thus, before his poignant feelings could obtain vent, either by words or tears,—at last, the effusions of sorrow moistened his eyes, but he brushed them hastily away with his hand, and exclaimed in a voice, which denoted a disordered imagination,—“Tears are for the relief of common sorrows;—they, who have more to lose, may weep,—why weep, when fate itself can do no more;—I am weary of this poor mode of existence,—my soul sickens at the privilege of counting yet more dull circuits of the sun.”

A servant who had long attended him, with great fidelity and affection, here ventured to enter the room;—he had learnt from the courier who brought the letter, that all was not right, and hearing no summons to attend his master, came uncalled into his presence, and perhaps most opportunely, for the paroxysm of Henry's feelings, was at that instant of a nature, which justly rendered his intentions questionable.—

His faithful valet however, took care not to leave him alone, till reason had in some measure re-assumed her empire.—Then it was, that the condition of Mr. Henderson presented itself to his mind, as that which demanded all his efforts of consolation.

“Shall I now abandon him, cried he,—no!—even from the tomb, the dear departed angel seems to speak;—she bids me comfort her wretched parent;—she points to me, as the person destined to sooth his woes, and
be

be henceforth her substitute in filial kindness;—it shall be so;—I will steadfastly attach myself to him, nor shall ought but death divide us, and if her virtuous spirit have now any consciousness of mortal things, such a resolution will be grateful to her.”

This reflection tended in some measure to lighten his breast, and by pointing out a worthy motive to the preservation of life, dispelled that train of gloomy meditations, which had before occupied his mind;—he gave orders to get every thing ready, immediately for his departure from Munich.—On meeting Mr. Henderson at Vienna, the sluices of grief were mutually opened a fresh,—neither could articulate a word,—neither attempted it;—they embraced in silence, but to a bye-stander, the scene would have been eloquent, beyond the power of language.

The first conversation which took place between them, discovered in Fitz Aubin all
5 the

the tenderness of a son,—in Mr. Henderson the affection of a father,—the former was urgent with him to accompany him to Ireland,—“There, said he, it will be the sole business of my unfortunate life, to divide my filial attentions, equally between yourself and my own father.”

“And what, returned he, if I have yet any portion of life to endure, can be so eligible to me as the society of Fitz Aubin, who as a solace to my grief I adopt as my son.”

In fine, they mutually agreed to go to England, and henceforth to be no more separated from each other,—they were to set out from Vienna, on the following day, but before they did so, Fitz Aubin had one measure to take, which he had secretly determined on, and till it had been effected, was resolved not to see his native country again.

The step he had thus devised, was a visit to Ellen's tomb.—On taking leave of Mr. Henderson

Henderfon for the night, he withdrew to his own chamber, there to wait till he supposed the busy world was at rest, that no giddy eye might mark the pious purpose;—no unhallowed ear be witness, to the sacred enthusiasm of virtuous love.—At length, the midnight hour drew on,—the cathedral clock struck one, and deep silence pervaded every scene, when alone, and unperceived, Fitz Aubin stole from the city, and gained the burying ground belonging to the convent. It was a small spot inclosed by iron-grates, and planted around with ancient yews.—The moon just rising above the horizon, reflected a pale light on the turrets of the convent, and faintly gleamed through the dark waving trees, sufficiently to light his steps to a grave, distinguishable by the new laid turf, “It is my Ellen’s grassy mound, he cried, flinging himself prostrate on the earth,—the genius of enthusiasm waved her visionary wings,—and his high raised soul out shot the limits of this visible diurnal sphere.”—In that indescribable moment, what to him was the world, with all its painted joys;

joys;—mortality seemed swallowed up of life, and Ellen the fairest spirit in the etherial regions, was in his imagination all his own.—In the height of this ideal ecstasy, a voice from behind an adjacent tomb, disturbed the blissful reverie.

“Child of sorrow, it said, wherefore thine unavailing woe?—arise, be comforted,—retire from these recesses of the dead, and return to the duties of society;—thou shalt be happy.”

“Who dares assure me of this, cried Fitz Aubin, displeased at the interruption,—on which a monk of the benedictine order appeared, and folding him in his arms, forced him from the inclosure, and as he did so, added,—“Go my son,—be comforted,—believe that happiness shall yet attend thee.”

He said no more, but taking a key from his pocket, locked the gate on the outside, and went his way, leaving Fitz Aubin very
little

little inclined to believe the prophecy, but much displeased and hurt, at being thus restrained from the sacred spot, where his most precious hopes lay buried;—at length with reluctant pace he returned to the city, and entered his apartment with the same secrecy he had left it.

The day began to break soon after his return, and the servants having received orders, to be ready to leave Vienna at an early hour, were preparing for their departure. Mr. Henderson arose shortly after, and taking some refreshment, they with their retinue set out in order to revisit England.

CHAP. IX.

AS Mr. Henderson's aversion to be recognized by any of his family, was still as strong as when he quitted India, he had no inclination to land in England, particularly as it was his intention to fix his future residence, in the neighbourhood of that family, in which Mrs. Faulkner had been treated with so much kindness and affection;—attached by the personal regard he bore the son, and the grateful sentiments he entertained towards the father, his wish now was to finish his days in their society.—

They

They therefore sailed directly to Ireland, where on their arrival, they found Sir Robert and Lady Somers, who had accompanied Mr. Fitz Aubin to his native mansion,—the father of their beloved Ellen was received with every demonstration of pleasure, while on his part, words were too poor, to express all he felt on the subject of their benevolent conduct to his late daughter.—After some time, he purchased a valuable estate in the neighbourhood, which he secretly intended hereafter, to bequeath to Henry Fitz Aubin, as a memento of gratitude and affection, and that amiable young man divided his time, equally in a series of dutiful attentions towards his own father, and the parent of his ever lamented Ellen.

Sir Robert and his Lady were both greatly esteemed by Mr. Henderson; but the tender friendship, which had subsisted between the Lady and his daughter, together with the sisterly sensations, with which she cherished her memory, endeared her so sincerely to his heart,

heart, that he scarcely would be a moment out of her company, during the time she remained in Ireland, and when with the Baronet she returned to England, he promised to follow them in a few months.

It may not perhaps be disagreeable to the reader, if before we close our history, we touch once more on the affairs of the Langby family,—his lordship was at this time one of the most unhappy of fathers, through the effect of those errors in his daughter's conduct and disposition, which he had by a mistaken fondness, too much contributed to cherish. Allowed at an early age to become her own mistress, which gave full scope to the eccentric inclinations of a vain and uninformed mind, Miss Langby's character, soon evinced the necessity of curbing the will, at that period of life, when the judgment cannot be supposed duly capable of directing it; a truth which his Lordship understood too late, for, disdaining that authority which had been improperly

properly exerted, she thought proper at last to fix affections, or rather we should say *whim* on her own footman,—had married him in private, and being abandoned by a justly incensed father, was shortly deserted also by the man of her choice.—Being of a temper the most opposite to humility, she knew nothing of the amiable methods, by which affection is conciliated or resentment disarmed;—a stranger to self-denial, and divested of the means of supporting a vanity, which she knew not how to repress, she sacrificed every virtuous principle to that end; and at the present time, was the reputed mistress of a certain noble Lord well known in the annals of gallantry.

But to return;—It was now nearly a year since our travellers had arrived from the continent, when Mr. Henderson talked of making Lady Somers, the visit he had promised,—it perhaps is scarce necessary to add, that Fitz Aubin would be his companion on that occasion, for the sentiments actually subsisting between

between them, very nearly resembled those of filial and paternal kind,—and as Mr. Fitz Aubin then enjoyed a better share of health, than he had done for some years past, he could make such an excursion with great propriety.

The two gentlemen on their landing, did not immediately proceed to Somers-Hill,—but directed their route to the Bristol Wells, intending for the benefit of Mr. Henderson's health, to pass a few weeks there.—They had seen a fortnight elapse after their arrival, when one morning, as Robert, the faithful valet already mentioned, was attending his master, he began to indulge that talkative humour, which Fitz Aubin when not in a desponding mood, would sometimes indulge him in.

“Pray your honour, said he, with great seriousness, are there not such things as ghosts and spirits?”

“No

"No, certainly, Robert,—I hope you are not so weak as to suppose it?"

Robert looked however, as tho' he had a strong propensity to believe it, and after a short pause again resumed the subject.

"Your honour knows to be sure,—nevertheless I am certain I saw one last night,—it was her very picture I would take my oath."

"Whose picture?"

"Miss Ellen's,—that was,—Madam Faulkner, and I will tell your honour all about it,—when I came back from looking after the horses, it was as one may say dusky,—but a fine pleasant evening,—just as I came by a garden, I happened too look over the wall, which is very low, and at one end in a small arbour, did I see the exact figure of Miss Ellen,—I am sure of it your honour,—
but

but it vanished in a moment, and home came I, quaking as tho' I had an ague fit."

"I am ready to conclude, Robert, said Fitz Aubin somewhat displeased, that this chimera of the brain, was produced by the regard I formerly knew you to entertain for that excellent lady,—and therefore can forgive it,—but take care how you indulge so idle a thought again."

"I won't if I can help it,—but suppose your honour, it should appear to me again?"

"I tell you, angrily, there is no such thing in nature."

"But an please your honour, I have heard that the souls of departed people do not die."

"True Robert,—but you may be assured, they are not permitted to re-appear on earth,—say no more,—but remember I bid you
never

never to disclose your foolish notions to any one."

"That I will not," answered Robert, without any hesitation,—for he had already deposited the wonderful secret, to the keeping of every servant in the house, inasmuch the general conclusion was,—that the departed lady haunted every place, where her lover came to.—

Some days succeeded to the above conversation, when Fitz Aubin having taken an evening ride, was returning by the very spot where Robert had seen the apparition,—the time also was nearly the same, and Robert, who followed, told him in a low voice, that yonder was the garden he had mentioned, at the same time pointing with his finger.—By a sort of involuntary motion, Fitz Aubin turned his eye the same way, and to his inexpressible astonishment, beheld a woman robed in white, whose figure presented the exact resemblance of his beloved Ellen,—he sat some

moments gazing at the apparition, in which time his eye traced every feature, and incontestibly confirmed it to be her own lovely image,—but all at once it was gone.—

Robert tho' half dead with terror, yet felt his triumph, and cried out,—“There, sir,—will your honour tell me of idle whims now?”—Fitz Aubin made no reply, but returned home by a very slow pace, musing as he passed, on what he had just beheld.—That it was Mrs. Faulkner's exact figure he was perfectly satisfied, but then the notion of ghosts, was so repugnant both to common sense and philosophy, that he knew not how to admit it,—had *he only* seen a thing of that kind, he would not have scrupled one moment to conclude it, the mere effect of an imagination, warmed as his was with the idea of that dear object;—but Robert's previous information, threw some difficulties in the way, which all his philosophy knew not how to answer:—however he kept the incident, a secret within his own breast, and remained in

that

that state of mind, which a person feels who wishes to disbelieve what his senses will not disavow,—nor could he at times, forbear to discover more thoughtfulness than he was used to betray, in the presence of Mr. Henderson, who would often question him as to the occasion, but of course could receive no explicit answer.

Some farther time passed on, and they prepared to remove to Somers-Hill,—when having occasion to go into Bristol, he was passing through the college green, at the instant two ladies approached;—the voice of one of them he thought he had heard before, and as in passing they appeared to each other, he beheld the person of Mrs. Burton,—her eye met his, and immediately expressed recollection.—

“And is it here, cried he bowing respectfully, I have the satisfaction of meeting Mrs. Burton.”

“My good friend, returned she extending her hand in the most cordial manner, I am glad to see you,—it is a pleasure I little expected, after what has past.”

She seemed to utter the latter part of the sentence, with an air so gloomy, that Fitz Aubin at no loss to account for it, was unable to reply.—

“Nevertheless, resumed she, for old acquaintance sake, I cannot but wish to enjoy more of your company,—call on me at Clifton,—here is my address.”

Fitz Aubin bowed and passed on, for the emotions which that lady's presence had excited in his bosom, suppressed the power of speech;—he had formerly esteemed Mrs. Burton, as well on her own account, as that of his dear Ellen, and therefore would by no means omit the opportunity of paying her the respect she merited.—In the afternoon of the same day, he went to the house, and was ushered

ushered into the parlour, where Mrs. Burton was sitting alone,—she received him in a most friendly manner,—chatted with great good humour, which however was not kept up, with equal cheerfulness on his side,—he was extremely pensive, tho' the event which occasioned him to be so, was not once mentioned.

“It is a little singular, said Mrs. Burton, that we have never met before,—tho' indeed I have been here but a week, and am no gad-about.”

“Cultivated minds Madam, have an ample source of entertainment, without the necessity of seeking it from home.”

“I believe you once experienced the force of your own remark, sir, in the characters of those ladies who formerly composed your family.”

Fitz Aubin gave a groan and was silent,—the subject was changed,—and after some farther chat, he arose to take leave;—but Mrs. Burton urged him to stay tea, adding, “ You shall not refuse me,—I have no company except a person, whose presence will not I hope be disagreeable.”

“ By no means, dear Madam,—no acquaintance of yours can be so.”

Mrs. Burton looked a little gravely, and a footman bringing in the tea equipage, she ordered him to let his lady know it was ready.—In a few minutes the door opened,—but who can describe the various emotions of Fitz Aubin’s soul, when he beheld Mrs. Faulkner enter the room.—She observed him with the air of one, who strove to appear indifferent,—and making a distant courtsey walked towards a chair;—mean time his eyes remained fixed on her, with an expression of surprise, tenderness and doubt, while his countenance alternately changing from pale to red,
marked

marked the various agitations of his breast ; —at length he approached and falling at her feet, exclaimed, “ Whence this wonderful enigma,—my Ellen, mistress of my soul, what blessed miracle has snatched thee from the tomb,—do I live to know the blissful reality, —Oh speak, my Ellen ?”

The two ladies exchanged looks of astonishment, at hearing him talk thus,—but Mrs. Burton immediately declared, that there must have been something mysterious at the bottom, and added,—“ the cool neglect, my dear, which we have laid to Fitz Aubin’s charge, originates I suspect in an error, which we must now fathom if we can ;—pray sir, how did you receive intelligence, that Mrs. Faulkner was no more.”

“ By the testimony of the Abbess of ——— Madam, who even introduced the worthy father of this dear lady, to the funeral obsequies.”

"Then, cried Mrs. Faulkner, I can guess the affair,—the vile procedure stands unravelled to my apprehension,---but first tell me if I am indeed happy in the existence of a father."

"You are my Ellen,—he still mourns your supposed death;—since that unhappy period, we have never been asunder,—but say, I beseech you, what motives could have urged the Abbess, to adopt such a conduct."

"Her reasons, Henry, tenderly smiling, could be none other than such as avarice suggested,—before I was so happy as to know, that I had yet a parent, my disgust of the world prompted me to form some intention, of fixing my residence in the convent;—the Abbess was apprised of that wonderful event, which afterwards occasioned an alteration in my sentiments, at which she expressed a joy, which I am now assured she was far from feeling;—I hourly expected the return of my father, but day succeeded day, and I was taught

taught to believe, that no inquiries what ever had been made after me : hence I was too ready to conclude, that the whole of what had passed was a gross deception, invented for the purpose of sporting with my feelings, or even some worse design, so that by degrees I became to recollect the incident, only with resentment. I sent repeated letters to Mrs. Burton, and to my dear Henrietta, but received no answers to any of them :—I therefore became quite indifferent to the world, in which I seemed to be quite forgotten.”

“ I had remained a boarder in the convent, for nearly the space of three months, when I chanced to meet a Benedictine monk, who had frequently as I recollected, observed me with great attention, but had never an opportunity of speaking to me alone till that day, —“ If you have any letters to send out of this house, said he, I will assist you,—for you doubtless understand, that no correspondence of any kind is allowed here.”—He said no

more but left me in haste;—it then occurred to my thoughts, that my letters might have been stopped, and therefore I got one wrote to Mrs. Burton, which I, unobserved, slip'd into the hand of the good father, and in a few weeks Mrs. Burton arrived at Vienna;—we immediately returned to England, and have remained with each other ever since.”

“It is clearly explained, answered Henry, and I am convinced your good friend, the Benedictine, is the same who kindly sympathized in my sorrows, on the memorable night which I passed at my Ellen's tomb.”

Here Mrs. Faulkner gave him such a look, as in one moment overpaid all which he had undergone for her sake,—the tenderness of her soul, beamed through her glistening eyes, —“Ah, cried she, how could I injure such purity of affection, by indulging one doubt of its constancy;—for indeed I confess, that your never once applying to my cousin; for information

mation respecting me, amounted as I thought, to demonstration of your cool neglect ;—but you must forgive me this, as well as all you have suffered on my account.”

He was going to reply, when she prevented him with a request, that he would immediately conduct her to her father, but this Mrs. Burton and he both opposed, from the opinion that so abrupt a discovery, would be exceedingly improper ;—she therefore postponed her visit till the next morning, and in the mean time Fitz Aubin was to apprise Mr. Henderson, of the mysterious tale in a gradual manner.—

The lovers we presume did not separate very speedily,—when Henry returned to his house, Mr. Henderson was retired to bed, which example he followed, but certainly not at all disposed to sleep ;—when they met next morning at breakfast, he began to talk of his dreams, in which he imagined Mrs. Faulkner to be still alive ;—Mr. Henderson
looked

looked surprised, at hearing him repeat the illusions of fancy, a thing he had never done before, but Fitz Aubin taking no notice, thus resumed,—“When we consider, my dear sir, the vile arts that have sometimes been displayed, in the character of persons, outwardly devoted to religion, I confess I do not think it impossible, but we may have been imposed on.”

“That is a very extraordinary idea Henry,—you cannot surely have any ground for such a thought,” returned Mr. Henderson, with a look of particular earnestness.

“To confess a truth, sir,—it has been whispered in my ear, that our dear Ellen may possibly be still living.”

“Still living,—starting from his chair,—a possibility, said you.”—

“’Tis possible,—she is really living.”

Notwithstanding the precaution thus used, Mr. Henderson immediately fainted in the arms of Fitz Aubin.—As soon as by proper methods he was recovered, he exclaimed,—“What did I hear,—did you not say Mrs. Faulkner was alive,—or did fancy thus delude me.”

“’Tis a blissful reality, my dear sir,—and you shall see her this day.”

At that instant a carriage drove up to the door,—Fitz Aubin flew like lightning down stairs, and in a few minutes returned, with Mrs. Faulkner and Mrs. Burton,—the former rushed instantaneously into her father’s arms, while tears of ecstasy usurped the place of language.

“’Tis he, cried Mrs. Burton, ’tis my poor Ned Rushford, whose misfortunes I have wept over a thousand times,” tears of joy now trickled down her cheeks, and Mr. Henderson at length sensible that there were other persons

persons in the room besides himself and daughter, turned towards Mrs. Burton, and before she could be introduced to him, caught her affectionately by the hand, exclaiming, "And Mrs. Burton also present, to complete my felicity."

"Ah, my dear Ned, returned she, could I ever hope for this happiness,—but how happened it, let me ask, that I have never been favoured with your notice, since your return from abroad?"

"Because, my dear cousin, you may recollect, that I had no clue wherewithal to find you,—nor did I know that the only relation I had reason to esteem, was still living;—however, it is well I was thus ignorant, for had I sooner discovered my amiable daughter, she would have missed the precious fruits of adversity, which perfected her character, and must have prevented that glorious display of exalted virtue, which ended in the sacrifice of her own feelings, to
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the interest of a family she had cause to love.—at that time how highly did I revere the conduct of the lovely heroine, tho' a stranger to her person, and little imagining such a fund of excellence existed in the bosom of my own daughter.—Thus all is well,—and let us never forget that the heart, which can practise self-denial in obedience to the superior dictates of virtue, must soon or late enjoy the felicity it merits.”

“Ah then, cried Fitz Aubin, I can have but an imperfect claim thereto, since I am conscious of having acquitted myself, in that point with a very ill grace.”

“I cannot indeed, resumed Mr. Henderson, for so we are still to call him, pretend to say, that you have discovered an equal heroism with my daughter;—but if I translate her looks aright, she is not inclined to pass a very rigid censure on your failure;—come Ellen confess honestly, that you are not displeased, that he shewed himself more the lover than the philosopher on that occasion.”

"I ought not, returned she, rather archly, to condemn in another, what I felt so much difficulty of conquering in myself."

The candour of that acknowledgement, diffused a glow of rapture over the countenance of Fitz Aubin, but he felt himself restrained from expressing all he felt on the occasion,—nor was there a necessity for verbal eloquence, to acquaint the lady with what at that moment passed within his breast.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

THE whole party, who thenceforth could make but one family, sat out the next day for Sir Robert's seat at Somers-Hill,—and here it was necessary to observe precaution in revealing to Lady Somers the actual existence of that dear friend, whose supposed death she had tenderly and sincerely mourned.—Intelligence was immediately dispatched to Ireland, and it was in consequence expected, that Mr. Fitz Aubin would add one to the happy number, already assembled at Somers-Hill;—but there now was no occasion

sion to pay a scrupulous regard to etiquette. —Mr. Fitz Aubin, whether absent or present, could not but desire the speedy completion of the nuptials, and Mr. Henderson as he himself pleasantly observed, being arrived at a period when there is no dallying with life, and consequently had no time to lose, was in haste to see the union compleated. In short every body was of opinion, that Fitz Aubin's constancy had sustained a trial sufficiently long, and that there was no reason why the marriage ceremony should be deferred.

In fact, it took place very shortly after,—Fitz Aubin's father was not present at the ceremony, tho' he joined the happy company soon after, but did not live very long, to enjoy the sincere satisfaction which that event afforded him.—Ellen, as a testimony of respect and gratitude to his memory, immediately took his children of the second marriage, and brought them up as her own.—She never had visited Faulkner Lodge since
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the unhappy death of the Captain, whose nearest relation, a young man of the same name, she had already placed in possession of that family seat, and intended at her decease, that the remainder of her late husband's fortune should return to the family;—her second marriage made no alteration in her design, as it was both Fitz Aubin's and her father's desire that it should be so.—Mr. Henderson as well from the respect he bore the Captain, on account of a personal acquaintance, as from the affectionate conduct he had observed towards his daughter, caused a handsome monument to be erected in the parish church, with an epitaph justly expressive of his amiable character.

The good Mrs. Burton spent most part of her time with her beloved Ellen, and at her death bequeathed her the whole of a handsome fortune.—Sir Robert and Lady Somers long enjoyed that acquisition to their happiness, which the marriage of our amiable and constant lovers afforded them;—nor did Mr.

Hender-

Henderfon reach the goal of fate, till he had
seen a beauteous progeny, likely to perpe-
tuate the several virtues of his equally beloved

HENRY AND ELLEN.

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